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A D V I C E

TO THE

C L E R G Y.

A

P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO

The Celebrated TUTOR, of a
More Celebrated P E E R.

*Small Force have well-chose Words and Phrases quaint,
Whene'er Men know the Preacher is no Saint;
Heedless of all he says ---- and prone to Evil,
They follow ---- as he leads them ---- to the ----.*

D U B L I N:

Printed ; and Re-printed at London, by E. HOLLOWAY
near Hungerford-Market. 1734. (Price 6 d.)

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The Celebrated TUTOR of a
More Celebrated P.E.R.

The following is a list of the names of the
persons who have been admitted to the
Bodleian Library since the year 1800.

D U B L I N

Printed and Re-printed at London, by F. Hollisway,
near St. Dunstons Church, 1794. (Printed)

Reverend Doctor S——.

A Poem like this, should be inscribed to some Clergyman of Note ; and who, then, fitter than you, who stand at present so highly distinguished, as to be the Theme of all Polite Discourse. To Fame, Sir, you aspire, and this Dedication may pave the Way.

From this Consideration, I flatter myself, you will afford me Pardon, else I had no more dared to offer it you, than a learned Curate durst pretend to a Benefice with no better Pretence than Merit to recommend him.

Bad

Bad Verses you have received, and why not
mine? 'Tis true, I have no Title, nor have
been your Pupil: However, as my Lines are
well meant, and as I have testified a profound
Respect for your Order, permit me to say,

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

ADVICE

TO THE

C L E R G Y.

START not, ye Sons of Crape — nor think I mean
 To vent, in surly Rhimes, an impious Spleen :
 Think not against your Order I intend
 The utmost Malice of my Muse to bend ;
 Or of the C—y, that I none shall spare,
 As hating Parsons for the Gowns they wear :
 With no such View — does this Advice come forth ;
 I own, that some of ye have Parts and Worth ;
 But O how few ! compar'd with those who shame
 That Holy Function whence they Rev'ence claim ;

B

Whose

Whose Pride and Avarice that Religion stain
 Which poorly, by their Preaching, they maintain ;
 For such a Bias rules o'er all Mankind,
 That Practice, more than Precept, still they mind.
 Small Force have well-chose Words and Phrases quaint,
 Whene'er they know the Doctor is no Saint ;
 Heedless of all he says --- and prone to Evil,
 They follow — as he leads them — to the —

What loud Complaints our R— P—s make,
 That impious Libels true Religion shake ;
 That Atheists, Deists, and Free-thinkers vile,
 By bold Attacks, and Virulence of Stile,
 Corrupt the Unwary, and destroy the Seed,
 Which pious Pastors had devoutly spread.
 Look in those Books — no Argument you'll see
 From whence the Gospel can endanger'd be ;
 But what is founded on the C—y's Guilt,
 The Gold they've gather'd, and the Blood they've spilt.
 Their wild Attempts to purchase Power and Place ;
 Their Pride abundant, and their Want of Grace.
 Now, tho' 'tis own'd the Inference be wrong,
 That all these Vices to the Cloth belong,
 Because Examples numerous do us teach,
 That Doctors Live not always as they Preach ;

Yet

Yet still it seems a cogent Proof of this,
 The Gospel suffers when Priests do amiss :
 And would ye, therefore, still th' impending Storm,
 Rail not at others — but yourselves reform.

Mark well the Genius of the Christian Law,
 Formed to Invite — and not to Rule with Awe.
 Its blessed Founder reason'd with Mankind,
 And Truth his Hearers to his Words inclin'd :
 They saw no Pride, no narrow, selfish End,
 To which the Precepts which he taught might tend :
 All was so plain, so full of Peace and Love,
 So form'd a rational Belief to move,
 That thence, against the Force of Rage and Power,
 Men own'd its Influence, and did CHRIST adore.
 In the same Path did his Apostles tread ;
 And by their Lives the Gospel Doctrines spread.
 To these the first Apologists appeal,
 Ah ! had their Successors but liv'd as well,
 We'd had of Creeds and Rules of Faith but few,
 Nor Heresies, nor Inquisitions knew ;
 For real Faith — doth Piety impart,
 Turns not the Head, but regulates the Heart.

Compare with these, the Lives of Priests since then,
 You'll scarcely know the Holy Faith again ;

So

So torn, so rent, so patched, and so disguised,
 As if alone for Interest devised,
 To raise the Priesthood to a boundless Sway,
 And force dejected Laymen to Obey;
 Thro' ev'ry Age, since Persecution ceas'd,
 The Power has stretched of th' encroaching Priest;
 And as it stretched, has true Religion fled,
 Wild Superstition reigning in her Stead.

In Days of Yore, when papal Pride rul'd here,
 How odly did the sacred Rites appear?
 In murdered *Latin*, and with hollow Tone,
 The Father muttered Words to him unknown.
 The gazing Croud, with an habitual Dread,
 Breathed forth their Prayers, and sigh'd at all he said;
 Yet had one honest Man, of common Sense,
 To use it in Religion made Pretence;
 Had he insisted, that the Gospel Rule
 Was, in its Words, and in its Matter, full
 A Guide sufficient, which ought still to be
 In Mother Tongue to ev'ry Christian free;
 Soon had he felt, for this his pious Crime,
 The zealous Madness of that purblind Time.
 His Faith exciting Ecclesiastick Ire,
 And LONDON's *Edmond* doom'd him to the Fire.

As

As quickly by this Means the Thing is done,
 No Wonder Priests are to this Test so prone;
 From Reason, Argument, and Learning free,
 They on this single Standard all agree:
 Flame purges all Things, as these Doctors hold,
 Who try Religion, as they try their Gold.

When Heathen Monarchs held imperial Sway,
 They, by this Method, forc'd Men to obey:
 The Emp'ror's Faith gave Law, and Christians then,
 Who would not meanly condescend to feign
 Belief in Idols — were expos'd to feel
 The utmost Rage of Fire, of Beasts, of Steel:
 A thousand Tortures on this Score were found,
 To try if what they call'd their Faith were found.
 Papists of this most hideous Pictures draw,
 And loudly damn so virulent a Law;
 Yet daily Practice, in effect, the same,
 And call it honouring GOD's Holy Name.

As a fit Recompence for pious Care,
 Expos'd to this our first Reformers were;
 And therefore they, by strenuous Reasoning strove
 Such Antichristian Doctrines to disprove;
 And as Lay Zeal for GOD's pure Word grew high,
 The Priestly Phantoms were constrain'd to fly;

Smithfield and *Tyburn* interpos'd no more
 To offer CHRIST, like MOLOCH, human Gore.
 Each as his Conscience lead, his Faith received,
 And as at first the GOSPEL was believed ;
 Unmix'd with pious Frauds, to hamper Fools,
 Nor cumber'd with Tradition's needless Rules.

But from those Days, 'till now, each Bigot PRIEST
 Has still been ready the OLD CAUSE t'assist,
 For wide Dominion over Souls to preach,
 And Non-Resistance to themselves to teach.
Sibthorp and *Manwarring*, for this retain'd,
 When *Laud* with Papal Power o'er Britain reign'd,
 Boldly declar'd the Secret of the Gown,
 Towards Priests, and Kings, Submission should be shown
 Without Restraint — for they, by Right Divine,
 May govern Lay-men, as Clowns govern Swine ;
 On coarsest Fare make the dull Brutes subsist,
 To be dispos'd of as their Owners list ;
 Who o'er these wretched Beasts hold boundless Sway,
 As of Souls, more sublime, and made of better Clay.

Sachev'rell, *Sn—pe*, and others of the Trade,
 Have the same Parts on later Stages play'd :
 And as the Mob are ever led by Noise,
 This wretched Stuff has had the publick Voice

To

To vouch its Merit — as if Men were prone
 To stoop to Burthens which they once have thrown :
 For those who greatest Zeal for Church-men's Power
 Have shewn — still with the true Religion lower :
 By Forms and outward Shew they would deceive,
 And shrink Religion to this Word — Believe.
 No matter what you practice, what you know,
 If to the CHURCH's Sentiments you bow ;
 Warm to her C—y, to her B— true,
 She'll warrant H—n — and that's enough for you.

Or if inclined to doubt of sacred Laws,
 You, will, however, still maintain her Cause ;
 On you may doubt — nay, in plain Terms, reveal
 Your freest Thoughts — and not her Anger feel :
 The boldest Writings 'gainst the Christian Scheme,
 Tho' by the C—y damn'd, have come from them.
 Of *Moses* Books did not their B—t say,
 They were but Fables in the *Eastern* Way :
Woolston has set C—t's Miracles at naught,
 And M—dd—n against the Faith has fought :
 Translating *Creech* we on this Head might quote,
 And him who for POLYGAMY has wrote ;
 But that 'twere needless to convince the Town
 Of what Experience long ago — has shown :

Nay,

Nay, he who piously shall lay aside—
 The Gown's Prerogative, a saucy Pride,
 And in an humble Christian Stile declare,
 The Precepts which should most employ our Care,
 Shall be with endless Rancour still pursu'd,
 Tho' in his Life Unblemish'd, Wise, and Good ;
 While whosoe'er the Priesthood's Sway upholds,
 Tho' he the G——l's Nakedness unfolds,
 Shall be acknowledg'd by each bigot Cur——
 A Pr——e of distinguish'd Character.
 Let one Example make this Doctrine clear,
 Who praises H——y, or who likes not —— ?

F I N I S.





